

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I smelt alone in my chamber now, And the midnight hour is near, And the fagot crack and the clock's dull tick, And the only sound I hear, And o'er my soul, in its solitude, Sweet feelings of sadness glide, For my heart and my eyes are full when I think Of the little boy that died.

SPEECH OF PIUS IX. TO THE INTERNATIONAL DEPUTATION.

When I turn mine eyes around the different points of the Catholic world, I find before me everywhere the sad and dolorous spectacle of immense masses of ruins, caused by the cruel perfidy of the enemies of the Church in the present revolution. I see convents and monasteries which were but lately inhabited by peaceful Cenobites and by Virgin Spouses of Christ, now deserted by their former occupants in order to make room for people, strange and profane, and sometimes worse than profane. I see the fair riches and possessions of the Church made the prey of the devourers of to-day, and destined to satiate the insatiable appetite of the Revolution.

I see ruins everywhere. I see the rights of the Church trampled on and outraged, the ecclesiastical hierarchy interrupted and made useless, because all are condemned, no matter what their grade, to pay that most terrible of tributes, the tribute of blood in the fields of battle, and the Church is impeded from selecting her own ministers. I see liberty of teaching rendered a monopoly, which every day augments the tyrannical oppressions, and which is accompanied with error, and sometimes also with blasphemy. I see tolerance for many crimes and offences against God, against morality, and against social order. And very often I see judicial sentences inspired, not by justice, but by the evil-born passions which ever dominate in times disturbed by revolution. These sad many other things are what form the great mass of the ruins of the Church, which is scattered here and there occupy an immense space.

While I consider the mournful picture, I am reminded of the Prophet Ezekiel. The Prophet was by God transported in the spirit into a vast plain, all covered over with dry bones. And while he, amazed and astonished, pondered upon the doleful sight, he heard at his ear a voice which from above spoke to him and asked him: "Believest thou that these bones can have life?" The Prophet bending low humbly responded: "Thou only canst do this, O my God. Domine Deus tuorum!" Then said God: "Prophecy concerning these bones. Know that these bones shall live." I will send spirit into them, and will again cover them with nerves and tendons, and veins and blood. Flesh shall once more return to them. Skin shall again clothe the perfect body, and they shall live. The prophet repeated the words of God, and while he uttered them there commenced a noise, and then a commotion, caused by the bones which sought to re-arrange themselves to form the several bodies as they had been before. Factus est sonitus, et ecce com-motio.

The prophecy, my friends, indicated the end of the slavery of Israel and the return of the Jewish people to their own country. Now I say that God, observing the present field of waste and ruins, of which I just spoke, heaped up with spoils of the Church of Jesus Christ, cannot but ask each one of us: "Dost thou think these bones shall live?" and say to us: "Prophecy concerning these bones." What then shall we answer? With resolute mind and unflinching accents we shall answer: "Yes. All these bones shall rise again, for the Church of Jesus Christ to which they belong can never perish. The Church must even last to the consummation of the ages."

These ruins will indeed have their resurrection, but before that they will have also their commotion. Et ecce commotio. And this commotion is even now apparent. We may perceive it in your coming hither as obedient children to their Father. We may perceive it in the movement of Catholic nations in so many devout pilgrimages. We may trace this commotion in the echo of the fervid prayers which arise unto God in the sacred temples. The crowded tribunals of penance and the thronged eucharistic tables, prove also that there is a movement among the ruins of the Church of Jesus Christ.

But it may be said the bones are not yet returning to form their ancient bodies. Ah, my beloved sons, recollect that the Church of Jesus Christ is founded on a rock, and prefigured in the rugged cliff which is to-day on all sides invested by the fury of the winds and the raging of the billows. The movement within the Church exists, but as yet the scattered bones return not to their places, because prevented by the whirlwinds and the tempest, which receive their emotion from on high, and will not cease to smite the rock until it shall be cleansed and purged from every stain. Stains there are. The rock of the Church is still fouled by the timid and base souls, which would sacrifice even their consciences in order to enjoy a peace which is most bitter. It is soiled by thoughtless souls which have hitherto failed to recognize in those vicissitudes the hand of God which punishes and scourges us for our sins, and sets before us the saddest warnings, in spite of which they continue with folded arms to live in pitiable indifference, just as though they were living in times the fairest and most flourishing. The Church is polluted by souls sold unto Satan, which with tongue and hand work together for the destruction of the Church, and blaspheme her holy doctrines. When these foul stains shall have been purged away, then will God console us, and then to the present movement will succeed the future triumph.

But at that time what will be the fate of the impious who are persecuting the Church? A book was a few days ago presented to me, a book which has appeared in a Catholic Kingdom in Europe. In it are narrated with exact fidelity all the facts relating to the end of persecutors of the Church. Nor was there one of them, who did not end miserably his days. The list commences with Herod, Pilate, Caiaphas, and continues to our days, describing the fatal end which they all, from first to last, experienced. We therefore have the right to believe that the present persecutors of the Church will have no other end than that of their predecessors, and that in the time ordained by Providence God will stretch out His favouring hand over the Church. We may expect that when the

Church shall have been completely purged and set free from the chains with which her foes and persecutors now bind her, God will cover her with a vestment of gold, and cause her to sit as a Queen at the right hand of her Divine Founder. *Assidue Regina a dextris tuis in vestitu couuro.* Meanwhile, my sons, during our time of waiting for deliverance, what should be our attitude? We must persevere in prayer, and in all the other good works which you assure me are in progress at this moment. And as it is now the season of Lent we should exercise ourselves in mortifications and fastings. We should abstain from food and far more from sins. *Jeiunemus in vitio.* Indeed, mortification is much too infrequent in the Catholic world. Yet mortification is the surest guide to lead us back to the bosom of God our Father.

Proceed then in the path you have entered on, and under the direction of your chief pastors, continue to show yourselves ever averse to the pretensions of the innovators. They, the pastors, will extend to you the guiding hand. You will cooperate with them in maintaining the inalienable rights of the Church of Jesus Christ. And inasmuch as all of us have, need, of the aid of God, let us seek from Him His blessing. May He confirm you in your holy resolutions to defend these rights, may He bless you in your good dispositions and in your minds and bodies. May He bless you in your good dispositions and in your minds and bodies. May He give to the body the robustness needful for the contest, and to the mind constancy in resisting all the attacks of the revolution. May He bless you in your families, in all your interests, and may His benediction be extended to all those countries to which you belong. May He bless you in life and at the point of death, and make you worthy of His blessing for ever and ever in Paradise.

DEAD ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

A dead crusader lies low in the land. Fallen in his long contest with the foes of our faith; fallen in that battle which first began with the angels in heaven, and is still continued by the Church upon earth against error and Lucifer and his followers; fallen in the front, with his harness on him, no insignificant Soldier of the Cross is gone from our midst to-day—Orestes A. Brownson is no more!

The brave old man, whose name has been so familiar for so many years to the intellectual world of religious opinion, or the higher intellectual world of religious belief, has passed from this earth, and his pen no more will leave its mark in defence of the edicts of the Catholic Church. He will no more be ready to battle in the spirit of Christian chivalry a *pourtraire* for the faith that was in him. A name that was famous amongst the list of the legions of Catholicity; the name of a man whose armor of resistless logic was invulnerable, and bristled at every point with weapons of danger to the mercenary of the various denominations of his creed, is now to be regarded as an echo of the past. He will never more start up when some favorite error in theology, or some favorite error in ethics, or some favorite error in science is deftly given to the world for its adhesion, to demolish it with his ready lance, couched like that of one of the Paladins of old to the famous crusading cry of "Dieu le veut." "In the will of God." The combat for him is over and done. The silver fillet is sundered, the golden bowl is broken, and the spirit has returned to the God who gave it.

During more than thirty years he has been the public champion of Catholicity in this country. That law of old and hoary Europe, which made men serve seven years in apprenticeship to a trade before the trade became a master, was designed to give competent workmen to society who had the stamp of experience. This man served four apprenticeships to his mastery of theological and doctrinal disputation for the sake of his devotion to our faith. What a spirit of labor must have guided him! What a loyalty to principle! He was no laggard in the vineyard. When the dawn arose, he was up to greet it with his work, and when the dews of evening came he sought no refreshment from his task. Since he became a convert to Catholicity, his mind seems not to have rested in intellectual labor for its real. He established his celebrated *Review* in 1845, almost immediately on his reception into the Church, and there, down to last year, he wielded his inexorable logic, his ready ability and his ceaseless pen in the field of religious or philosophic controversy. As to its effect, we are all aware of it. We know how few were his mistakes. We know how bright the flashing of his thought was with the illumination of the great St. Thomas. We know how boldly he tilted over the dragon of heresy like another St. George, and trampled it in its congenial mire of defeat.

Born at Stockbridge, in Vermont, in 1803, on September 16th, his was a long and vigorous life. At the age of Twenty-one he became a Universalist preacher, and the vigor of his addresses and the finish of his writings attracted public notice early in his career. He entered bravely into the movements of his time. He was with Robert Dale Owen in his reform movements, and was a leader in the Workingmen's Party of New York in 1828. It could not be otherwise—his active mind could not rest. But his religious convictions were unsettled. His intellectual powers were too strongly cast to permit him to remain in error and he sought for the truth. He read the elegant passages of Channing, and determined to become a Unitarian minister; in 1832 he did so, and preached and wrote with vivid success. But he was to find no rest for his soul in that region of belief. It was but the vestibule of his seeking forgiveness and faith at the feet of Catholicity. He came to our altars in the full vigor of his mind and manhood, and he was regenerated by the waters of baptism, to devote himself for all his remaining days to the service of that religion which opened the gates of heaven to his wandering soul.

Reviewing this long life, and interpreting it by his labors, we can not fail to measure its great and unending merit. The talents of Dr. Brownson would have won for him, had he devoted them to his worldly advancement, wealth and honors and triumph. He chose the better part, and to him, and such as him, the reward is not distributed to this world, but in that which sets this to rights. Placed over many things, he fulfilled a great deal, and he added to the glory of the suffering Church by his unwavering fidelity and stern obedience. A soul has gone out of Israel in him. A great man, a great champion of our faith is gone. But we know that his mission was completed and his task consummated. What he was called within the fold to complete he has completed, and the blessing of the Church he served is on his soul. He left us the singular testimony of his fidelity to that Benign Mother who guided him to peace and salvation, and who blesses us when we pray that his name may be in eternal benediction for her children for ever.—*Central Catholic.*

THE BIBLE AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

DEAR SIR,—As the enemies of our holy religion are at all times busy in maligning and slandering the Catholic Church, and asserting without any foundation whatever, that she is opposed to the reading or circulation of the Word of God, I have taken a little trouble to refute the calumniators by placing the following statistics before your readers, in order that they, too, may be in a position, when required, to meet the often-repeated assertion, that the priests will not give permission to the people to read the Scriptures. I will not trespass too

much on your valuable space by quoting some of the early translations of both the Old and New Testaments, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. And so early as 1472—immediately after the discovery of the art of printing—a Bible was published at Cologne, in 1487, a new edition of the Bible, corrected and enlarged by John de Reilly, afterwards Bishop of Angiers, was published under the auspices of Charles VIII., to whom it is inscribed, and before 1546 passed through sixteen impressions—four at Lyons, and twelve at Paris. Another edition was given by the "Divine" of Louvain, in the year 1550, which obtained more extensive circulation than any other among the French Catholic versions. Before the year 1700 it was printed twelve times at Rotterdam, twice at Antwerp, twelve times at Lyons, and thirteen at Paris.

It is not quite certain in what year the first translation of the English Bible appeared; some are of the opinion that one appeared in 1200. In 1582, the New Testament, translated by William, afterwards Cardinal Allen, Gregory, Martin, and Richard Bristow, all of the College of Rheims, was published in that City. It was re-printed at Antwerp, in the year 1600; and the whole Bible was published, after the College was restored to Douay, 1609-10. In 1750 an edition was published in London under the inspection of the Right Rev. Dr. Challoner. An English Catholic translation of the New Testament was published in Paris, 1719. The translator was Rev. Dr. Cornelius Naray, a learned Irish priest. In the years 1730, 1749, and 1750 other editions were published. In 1791 and 1794 editions of the Bible were printed by Hugh Fitzpatrick, of Capel street, for Richard Cross, of Lower Bridge street, Dublin. In 1794, Reilly, of Dublin, published the Bible, under the patronage of the Bishops and Clergy. In 1797, the New Testament was published in Edinburgh; and in 1800 the Right Rev. Dr. Hay had the entire Bible published. The words of the printer of that edition in a letter, dated 26th April, 1830, during the discussion in St. George's Church deserves a place here. "I think it right," he says, "to mention, that about 30 years ago, I printed two editions of the Douay Bible, of which, I think, 3,000 and 2,000 copies, sold principally in England and Ireland; and so anxious was Bishop Hay to circulate it amongst his congregation, that he exhorted them from the pulpit to come forward and purchase it, selling five thick volumes so low as six shillings in quires; so low indeed was it, that the good Bishop lost money by it. I mention these circumstances in opposition to the assertion so often made by ignorant men, that the Catholic clergy in every case prohibit the reading of the Holy Scriptures."

In 1809, R. Coyne, of Dublin, published an edition of the Bible—5,000 copies. In 1811, he also published an edition. In 1829 the same published an edition of the New Testament—20,000 copies. In 1821 another edition—30,000 copies. In 1825, he published another edition, recommended by the Catholic Prelates, of which, in a few years, 90,000 copies were sold. In 1826, Nuttall and Fisher, of Manchester, published an edition of the Catholic Bible. In 1829, Kennedy, of Glasgow, published another edition of the Bible. In 1841, another edition of the Bible, with the approbation of the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops, was published, octavo, 80,000 copies; in same year, quarto, 5,000 copies.

I have not enumerated in the above the editions of the Holy Bible which have been published up to the present time. But it will be seen that within twenty years (from 1820 to 1841) considerably more than a quarter of a million of copies of the Scriptures were circulated among the Catholics of Ireland—instead of circulated I should have said sold, for it must not be forgotten that each of these copies were obtained—not, as in the case of our richer brethren of the "Establishment," for asking, but in return for a portion of the earnings of the possessor, who proved his strong veneration of the Sacred Word by purchasing it out of his slender means. The Church took care to have the Scriptures published at the lowest price possible (the Douay Bible, 18mo size, small type, at 3s. 6d., and the New Testament at one shilling) and placed within the reach of all.

The following table will show at a glance the copies published:—

Name	Copies
Mr. Coyne, Dublin	230,000
Mr. Smyth, Belfast	18,000
Messrs. Stims & McEntyre, Belfast	18,000
Mr. Greer, Newry	4,300
Mr. Mairs, Belfast	9,000
Total	279,300

Let the hypocrites and fanatics who are busy in abusing and maligning the Catholic Church (the Corinthian pillar of Christianity, if I may so speak) which has ever been the protector of the sacred volume, read the above and for ever after keep silent.

As I have far exceeded the limits of an ordinary correspondent, I will conclude this, already too long, letter, by subscribing myself. Yours, &c. J. M. Montreal, 25 April, 1876.

A REMARKABLE RESTITUTION.

A PROTESTANT CHURCH GIVEN BACK TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS.

Many illustrious converts have been received into the bosom of Holy Church in our days. Since the Oxford movement over thirty years ago several hundred clergymen have returned to the ancient faith but not till now have we received back any of those beautiful churches built by our Catholic forefathers. The old and beautiful church of St. Etheldreda of Ely Place, London has through a chain of singular providences returned to the Catholics of London, but it comes back like the prodigal son of the Gospel with its garments soiled and torn, nevertheless in a few days, this venerable relic of Catholic antiquity will be cleansed and robed; once more the Holy Sacrifice is to be offered on the restored altar; the Real Presence will rest in the Sanctuary and the time worn walls re-echo with solemn strains of the Gregorian chant. One of the London journals has recently given the interesting history of this venerable Catholic Church, from which we gather the following particulars:—

The site of Ely Palace and its beautiful chapel is full of old historic reminiscences. Built in all probability by that noble and illustrious prelate, Thomas Arundel, Bishop of Ely, just five centuries ago, it exhibits all the grace, elegance and ornament of the best period of the Decorated style, the flowing and geometric tracery of which distinguished the "Edwardian" period of the national Gothic architecture. It is dedicated to St. Etheldred, the founder of the cathedral of Ely. It is about eighty feet in length by about forty feet wide, and very lofty in proportion. It was formerly lit by an arcade of five windows on either side, some of which still remain, though they have lost their mullions and tracery. An arcade runs round the interior of the chapel, which, with its elaborate capitals, crockets, and finials, still serves to show what its beauty must have been when it was perfect. The large window at the western and eastern extremities still remain; both, but especially the great east window, are fine specimens of the Decorated style in its perfection. The interior of the chapel is at present filled with ugly deal pews, and covered with layers of whitewash; but when both of these are removed, as they will be, we understand forthwith, the exquisite proportions of the chapel and the details of its sculpture will both stand revealed to view. It is intended at once to proceed with the work of restoring the fabric to the appearance which it must have presented soon after its erection five centuries ago, and no doubt within a few weeks, or at most within a

few months, High Mass will again be celebrated within its walls, as it was in the days when John of Gaunt, expelled from his residence in the Savoy by the mob of Wat Tyler, took up his quarters here. It will be remembered by the readers of Shakespeare that the Duke spent his last few years in Ely Palace, and died within its walls.

From that day to this Ely Palace and its precincts have undergone many vicissitudes. It appears to have escaped the rapacious hands of Somerset and the ministers of the boy King Edward VI. But in the reign of Elizabeth Dr. Cheney, the Bishop of Ely, who used it as his town residence, found himself called upon to surrender a large part of his palace garden, an order that if might be granted on a 1000 lease to her majesty's favourite, the courtly dancer, Sir Christopher Hatton, who proceeded to erect in the rear of it a row of houses, which he called Hatton Garden, after his own name. These gardens of Ely Palace, as every reader of Shakespeare knows, were famous for the fine strawberries which they grew.

"My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries growing in your garden; I do beseech you, send for some of them." Richard III.

The gardens were also noted for the saffron plant still immortalized in connection with them in the name of "Saffron Hill."

But there are other associations connected with Ely Palace and its chapel. In the latter, Dr. Wilkins was consecrated Bishop of Chester by the Archbishop of Canterbury, (Dr. Sheldon), the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Cosin), and other prelates, the sermon being preached by Dr. Tillotson (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury). In it also, as we learn from his interesting diary, John Evelyn's daughter Susanann was married to Mr. William Draper, the ceremony being performed by Dr. Tenison, then Bishop of Lincoln, but afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

But there are other and more secular associations which we ought to mention in connection with Ely Palace. During the great rebellion it was turned into a prison, a keeper being appointed by the House of Commons, with strict orders to see that the buildings, sacred as well as profane, were not injured. Just before the restoration in 1660, it was ordered that the prison should be turned into a chapel, but the return of Charles II. a few weeks afterwards appears to have practically cancelled the resolution before it could be actually carried out. Malcolm, in his "History of London," gives a lamentable account of the state of the palace towards the end of the seventeenth century. He writes:—"The gate house was taken down and great part of the dwelling, and their lordships were compelled to enter the apartments reserved for their use by the old back way; several of the cellars, even under rooms they occupied, were in possession of tenants, and those intermixed with their own, all of which had windows and passages into the cloisters. One half of the crypt under the chapel, which had been used for interments, was then frequented as a drinking-place, where liquor was retailed; and the intoxication of the people assembled often interrupted the offices of religion above them. Such were the encroachments of the new buildings that the bishop had his horses brought through the great hall for want of a more proper entrance."

Here, also, from time to time, under our Tudor and our Stuart sovereigns, a variety of "masques" and other theatrical entertainments have been performed by the worshipful young gentlemen, the students of the Inns of Court. Henry VII. was entertained here at a feast in 1495, and we read that in 1531, on the occasion of the creation of a "batch" of eleven serjeants at law, an entertainment was given here which lasted five days, Henry VIII. and his unfortunate queen, Catherine of Aragon, being present; and it may be interesting to record the fact that the husband and wife dined in separate rooms, measures having been already concerted for the removal of the latter in order to make room for Anne Boleyn. Here was prepared and rehearsed the well known masque performed before King Charles at Whitehall in 1632; and here, too, was represented the last "Mystery" ever represented in England, that of "Christ's Passion," in the reign of James I. This, as we learn from Fryna, was performed at Ely House, in Holborn, when Gondomar lay there, on Good Friday, at night, at which there were thousands present."

It is now just a century ago since an act of parliament was passed authorizing the sale of Ely Palace which down to that time had been the property and also in consequence the site was taken by a speculating builder for the erection of the houses in Ely Place. In order to clear the site, the cloisters on the south side of the chapel, part of which were then standing, were removed, but the chapel itself was left untouched, probably on account of its elegant proportions and magnificent windows. The chapel was let for a time to the National Society, who used it for a school; afterwards it remained for some years without a tenant; but in 1844 it was leased to the Welsh Episcopalians, who have since that time conducted in it the services of the Established Church in their own tongue. Their lease has now expired, and the building, as we have said, has passed by purchase into the hands of the Roman Catholics.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN ITALY.

A record of Protestant Missions since 1873, is a new book just published, and its high sounding title will doubtless open the way for it to multitudinous readers. The *English Churchman* says of it, "This work is substantially a record of Protestant mission work in Italy during the last four (?) years." * * * The object of the writer is to awaken a deeper interest in the spiritual degradation of Italy." We have not seen the book; consequently, we are not in a position to judge of the connection between the title and the contents. Mission work in Italy and the Bible in Rome are two very different subjects; so that assertions regarding the one will not hold good for the other. Some time ago it was announced that the Evangelical Mission in Rome had made 700 converts in the last five years. That would give a rather respectable tone to their talk, and a not insignificant congregation to work with. But the explanation of what 700 converts in Rome means destroys the value and the glory of the prize. Five hundred, they explain, are soldiers in Italy, and the rest were born either Waldenses or British Protestants! After this collapse of Evangelical arithmetic and proselytizing truth one is cautious not to accept printed statements on this matter too hastily. We know Rome thoroughly and Italy very well. That is we understand Italians—appreciate their good qualities and tathom their bad ones. It would be a waste of time to show from past experience, and the qualities inherent in the Italian character, that it is impossible that he should become a Protestant. So, too, it would be an insult to the nation to try to demonstrate to Evangelical propagandists that the Italian is the least morally degraded Christian in Europe. We have been too long accustomed to the style of the *English Churchman* to be offended at his un-churchman-like English; but we do feel a little abashed at the effrontery with which some portions of English journalism will ventilate their bigotry at the expense of truth: Protestantism in Rome is not a new thing, but a Roman-Protestant has, up to this, been unheard of. The travelling population of heretical England long ago set up for itself a place of worship. They established it outside the gates of the city; that is the huge portals of the Porta del Popolo separated their divine abode from the Christian churches of the metropolis of Christendom. Just as iron gates, watchfully closed at

night, used to mark the confines of the Hebrew and Christian population within the same city in olden times. Antiquarians of our day—and nearly every body in this generation is an antiquarian, from the Cavalier Bossi to the youngest of Mr. Cook's excursionists—propose to themselves the question—Why were the Jews locked in a walled city, and why is the English Protestant church outside the walls of Rome? There are many scientific and antiquarian answers, but the most familiar, and therefore the most widespread, is that the Catholic population, with the Pope at its head, thought it was doing a service to God by persecuting and confining the Jews, and a service to themselves by preventing the light of the glorious Reformation from dispelling the darkness of their irreligion and illiberality. These reasons are heard on all sides, and believed in by all grades of intellectual credibility. The fact, however, and therefore the truth are not contained in this solution. The Jews were railed in, and the gates which allowed them out during the day were closed and guarded after night-fall, though the paternal solicitude for their lives of the Roman Pontiffs, their kings. Those Hebrews were usurers, swindlers, fleecers of the poorer Christian populations. Their extortions now and then reached a point beyond endurance, and their lives were unsafe. To prevent bloodshed they were sequestered in their Ghetto. Had these gates never been erected, Rome would have been to-day as free from Jews as Spain is from Moors. The English Protestant Church is outside the sacred walls of Rome not because the Pontiff prevented it being inside, but because the original settlers-up of that convenience chose the spot themselves. Other sects were inside, but they preferred the outside. That was reasonable of them, and strangely logical. Was not their teaching outside Rome's? Why should their place of teaching therefore be inside? Their church, moreover, was conservatively respectable. It existed for the benefit of the vagrant Islanders, whose souls, being different from those of other nations, required a native pasture even in foreign lands, just as their bodies to be in good trim must be nourished on raw beef and beer, in spite of the appetising attraction of a Roman kitchen or a Tuscan vineyard. The pastors of this fold knew their sheep and did not stray into other lines. Of course, the children of the Reformation have for three hundred years believed Catholicity to be Infidelity, and Protestantism to be the only Christianity. It was only, however, in the autumn of 1870 that the idea came to them that God required them "to show their light to all men," especially to the arch-enemy of all that is good and true, the Pope of Rome. Bibles then swarmed into the Eternal City. Rooms were hired; gospels were preached; money was liberally dispensed to the mercenary hearers; school were opened and children were brought. Quondam priests, who had forgotten their vows to God and their duties to man, were installed as apostolic pastors. Bare-footed friars, who when modest and poor and given to prayer and fasting were censured as idiots or loutish vermin, were welcomed with open arms and heavy purses as soon as they had proved their vocation by becoming slandersers and adulterers. The fire of new religions was kept up, valiantly. A medical man took umbrage at the teaching of his ghostly patron, and forthwith built himself a conventicle which was announced to give forth the true gospel of Christ. To make sure of the soundness of the doctrine he preached it himself every Lord's Day. Baptists came with much rustling to share the "spoil of souls." They opened a Christian Hall and pay tennence a head to everyone who will undergo their cold water cure. They have had a few to submit to the operation, but are sadly disconcerted to find that their neophytes will not venture into their Christian baths without their secular or rosary to keep them from harm the while. Many of these speculations have failed. The preacher in Virgin street—and another name for contraries—has closed his room. Garzanti has shut up his. Schools and soup-kitchens have become vacant because the energetic patrons have wearied in their toil, and the sinews of the Sacred War have failed. An amalgamation church is now opened. It is anything—for anybody—Evangelical, and Episcopal, and Italian, and French, and Methodist, and Congregational. On the 25th of March, the Americans made their solemn entry into the city, and celebrated the opening of their new church. They used to be outside, too. They call it St. Paul's-within-the-Walls; and have gathered together for the foundation of their Christianity in the Holy City a goodly assortment of spiritual cosmopolites. Invitations were distributed broadcast, Unitarians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Evangelicals, High Church, No Church, Ritualists, were all made welcome at the consecration of this Episcopal building. The small fry have failed; no doubt this imposing red brick construction will effect something. We cannot be unkind to it. It is for the use of American Christians resident in Rome. They, like their English cousins, are home sick even for services. But, with all these establishments, is the Bible in Rome? In other words, is Protestant mission-work taking hold of the population? To read their report one might think it was. But the new modes of worship are as strange to the Romans as the rites of the Druids. There will always be found in a large city a residuum weak enough, because needy or depraved, to attend any religious performance, if they were only well-paid. We have ocular knowledge that there is some, and we have within our reach also documentary evidence that this has been done in other parts of Italy. We have the letters received from a "Holy Alliance," in London, by a renegade Italian schoolmaster. They tell of sums paid, and to be paid to him for indoctrinating his children with the ideas of Protestantism. They hold out threats that unless the reports of his success are more satisfactory the money will stop. High names are signed in connection with this infamous doling out of a Reptile Fund. When they cannot be purchased, converts are reported gratuitously. For instance the other day in Rome a child of thirteen was dying. The parish priest was sent for and did his duty; while he was there a "preacher" came up, un-sent for, unwanted, and claimed the girl as a Protestant. The father was horrified, the mother was in convulsions, and the priest amazed. It turned out that because this little child used to carry the washing to the house where the preacher lodged, he had enumerated her among his flock, and no doubt hoped to secure his prey at least after death. The poor little thing was quite innocent of his trap. He had made her First Communion, and now disposed herself to die, invoking the names of Jesus and Mary. It can be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that these various societies and missionary establishments, are, wholly, barren of results. The faith of the Roman is too firmly based to admit of intellectual heresies. His morals may be unstrung, his life may be unworthy his professions, but, at the worst, all truthfully said of him is that he is no better than a Protestant.

WORKING CATTLE.—Oxen should be well fed, and well carried every day, to bring them into good condition for spring work. A well animal will soon give out under the first hot sun of spring.—Work the bulls.

Tin watering-pots much used in the garden often become rusted at the lower corners and begin to leak. It is not necessary yet to throw them aside, as the holes may be effectually stopped without going to the tinkers; by covering them inside with a small piece of fine dip netting, which, when the tin becomes previously thoroughly dried, when the varnish hardens by drying they are perfectly all-right.